

THIS WEEK

MAGAZINE
ECLIPSE

THE BOSTON HERALD

FEBRUARY 12, 1939



BEGINNING A NEW SERIES BY
E-PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

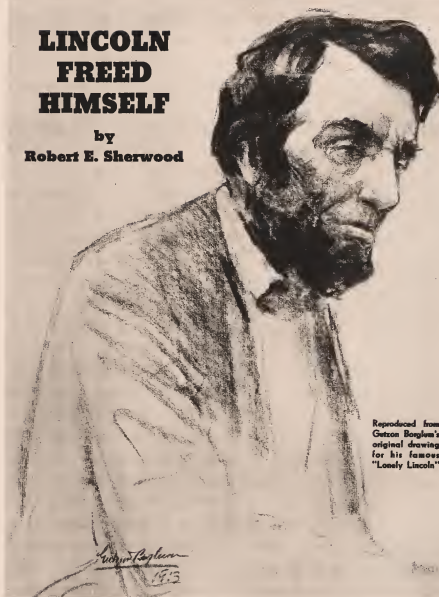
"To my Valentine"



LINCOLN FREED HIMSELF
BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

LINCOLN FREED HIMSELF

by
Robert E. Sherwood



Reproduced from
Gutzon Borglum's
original drawing
for his famous
"Lonely Lincoln"

When Mr. Sherwood was writing his current stage success, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois," he made a profound study of the life of the great Emancipator. The facts in this article may startle the reader, for the author shows that although Lincoln was amazingly strong when he knew he was right, he was pitifully weak when he doubted himself. Abraham Lincoln's greatest feat, says Mr. Sherwood, was his conquest of Abraham Lincoln.

"He must believe he was right, and that he had truth and justice with him, or he was a weak man, but no man could be stronger if he thought he was right."

Those words were spoken of Abraham Lincoln by the man who knew him best, Joshua Speed, a quiet, philosophic, romantic-minded Kentuckian who set up in business as a storekeeper in Springfield, Illinois, when Lincoln was struggling to gain a foothold as a lawyer. To no other man did Lincoln reveal so much of his own secret, tortured soul. William H. Herndon, his law partner, and John G. Nicolay and John Hay, his secretaries in the White House, were in close association with him—but, as Herndon expressed it, they "dared not obtrude into the sacred ground of his thoughts." Speed was his only intimate friend, and Speed's summary of his character provides the basis for a true understanding of the man.

We of today know the sum total of Lincoln's life and works—a knowledge fortified by seventy-five years of increasing proof that he lived and spoke for eternity—and to us the statement that he could ever have been weak seems incredible as well as heretical. We know he was strong in his body, strong in his statesmanship, heroically strong in his spirit. Nevertheless, we cannot have full comprehension of this strength, full appreciation of the greatest American, if we ignore the important complement of human frailty in his complex nature. His ultimate triumph over

such doubts and fears as could not have occurred to a lesser man was, in many ways, the supreme achievement of his life.

All who have ever looked at any of the photographs of Lincoln are sure that he was an infinitely sad, lonely man. Indeed, that very sadness is beautifully evidenced in the Lincoln Memorial. Speed said of his first meeting with Lincoln, "I thought then, as I think now, that I never saw so gloomy and melancholy a face in my life." What were the roots of this melancholy? There have been many explanations, many attempts to analyze that strange psychology, but they don't matter much to us now; all that does matter is that on at least three occasions in his life, despair overcame Lincoln, dethroned him, destroyed his resolve, threatened his very reason, drove him to the verge of suicide. From each of these dreadful phases he emerged a changed man.

The first such phase came when he was twenty-five years old, a resident of the tiny frontier community of New Salem, Illinois. He was the most popular young man in town, the acknowledged champion at wrestling and story-telling. The best word to describe him then was used by his teacher, Mentor Graham; it was *companionable*. He had been elected to the State Assembly and the local judges, Bowling Green, was helping him to get started in law. Everyone agreed that young Abe had a great future. Then an epidemic appeared. They called it "the brain fever," and among those afflicted was the prettiest girl in town, Ann Rutledge, whom Lincoln loved. She died, and Lincoln's grief took such strange and terrifying forms that the curious, primitive people about him thought he had gone insane. The village hardy-man-of-all-work, the leader of laughter, revealed the weird qualities of a prairie Hamlet.

Five years later a very different Lincoln, older, graver, less "companionable," was paying court in a rather haleswarm manner to a high-bred, ambitious young lady named Mary Todd. She came of a proud, even snobbish family, and she was admired by many of the most eligible young gentlemen in Springfield. That she preferred the ungainly, uncoordinated, impoverished Lincoln is a tribute to her extraordinary, Cassandra-like prescience. She had said, many times, as a child and as a grown woman, that her husband would be President of the United States; probably many other American girls have said the same thing, but Mary Todd was right.

After she and Lincoln became engaged, and the wedding day was set, the prospective groom lost his nerve. First he tried to escape from the imminent involvement by writing a letter, to be delivered to his fiancée by Joshua Speed; but Speed wouldn't be a party to this cowardly attempt to escape and he burned the letter. Just what happened on the wedding day has never been fully revealed, but we do know that the supper was laid and the minister in readiness—and the groom failed to appear.

Judging by contemporary accounts, Lincoln's subsequent behavior gave deep concern to his friends and cause for much ribald mirth from all the local gossip. He "went as crazy as a loon," according to Miss Todd's brother-in-law, the aristocratic Ninian Edwards. Lincoln himself wrote that he was making "a most discreditable exhibition of myself the way of hypochondriacism." Speed said that they had to remove from his reach all "knives and razors, and every instrument that could be used for self-destruction." The word "neurotic" was not then current in the language of Illinois. Sigmund Freud was as yet unborn. But Speed did urge his miserable friend to consult a doctor who had made a special study of lunacy.

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The names and descriptions of all characters that appear in short stories, serials and special feature articles in THIS WEEK MAGAZINE are wholly fictitious. Any one of a name which happens to be the same as that of any person, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

BESSERLEY gave his order at the bar of Cannes Casino and then glanced around him in search of acquaintances. The eyes of a young woman by his side met his almost at once. Her features, the curve of her head and an atmosphere of reserve which she seemed to create around her, were all dimly reminiscent, yet for once he was at a loss.

"Good evening, General Besserley," she greeted him.

"Good evening, Mademoiselle," he replied.

His drink was brought to him. He glanced from it to the girl's barely touched glass of champagne. "I would ask you to join me," he said, "but you have apparently just been served. You know my name. I feel that I once knew but I am ashamed to say that I have forgotten yours. Will you enlighten me?"

She smiled. "You will know it before long. I stood behind your chair at the baccarat, trying to summon up my courage to tell you about myself. I am in Cannes to speak with you, but it is necessary that we should not be overheard."

"I love mystery," Besserley confessed.

She shook her head gravely, raised the glass to her lips and sipped her wine. Then she slowly turned her head and glanced into the crowded space behind. Besserley followed the direction of her eyes towards a table at which two men were seated; though each had a glass in front of him, they were doing nothing except watch mademoiselle.

"Your escorts?" he asked.

She shrugged her shoulder. "They have an interest in me, but it is not a friendly one. They follow me everywhere, though I have already refused to discuss a certain matter with them."

"I have no fancy for interfering in other people's affairs," Besserley confided, "but if there is anything I can do —"

She glanced around. There was no one within hearing distance. "I will remember that if I may," she told him. "You are a very well-known man, General Besserley, but you apparently aim at seclusion. No one may telephone to you who does not know your private number. No one may pass the lodge gates of your château without your permission. Your servants answer no questions. Royalty itself is not more inaccessible. Even these moments of tranquility will not last."

"It is a fact that I wish to speak to you. If you will leave the Casino in half an hour and find your way to the east side of the harbor you will see a small motorboat, *The Sunshine*, at mooring number twenty-seven. If you would meet me there it would be a great kindness, and I might possibly provide you with what they say is the joy of your life — an adventure. Will you come?"

Besserley followed his intuition, which said, "Trust her."

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I shall be there." She slipped from her stool, nodded a careless good night and passed out of the room carrying herself with ease, even distinction.

At precisely the time stated, Besserley made his way along the water front and paused before station twenty-seven. There was a small crowd standing on the edge of the quay, apparently watching a newly-arrived submarine. There was no sign whatever of *The Sunshine*. Besserley was on the point of leaving the place when he came face to face with a familiar figure, the harbor master: "Just the man I was looking for," he said. "Can you tell me what has become of a small craft — *The Sunshine*?"

"I have been asking the same thing myself. *Monsieur le Général*, I gave her a mooring earlier in the evening. She was exactly where this queer-looking submarine now is. As to what has become of her —"

A young man in naval uniform broke in on their conversation. He had apparently just disembarked from the submarine, and Besserley noticed that he had been talking to the two strangers of whom Mademoiselle had complained in the Casino bar.

"Mr. Harbor Master," he said, "I am in search of a small motorboat — *The Sunshine*. I understand she was here close to the berth I have taken up myself."

The official stiffened. "I was just explaining to this gentleman, sir," he answered, "that I had allotted the station you have taken up to *The Sunshine*. She has, however, disappeared. I have no idea whether she has changed her mooring or left the harbor."

He turned his back on the inquirer and led Besserley on one side.

"What's all this about?" the latter asked curiously. "What sort of craft is *The Sunshine*,

THE *Elusive Princess*



"This land of yours happens to be desired by two great nations"

Once more the unpredictable Besserley meets a lady and an adventure in this first story of a thrilling new series

by **E. Phillips Oppenheim**

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

and what's the submarine doing here?"

"She came in without warning, General, and just now she is not a particularly welcome visitor. *The Sunshiner* was just an ordinary luxury motorboat—forty-foot type."

"Who is the owner?"

The Harbor Master looked at his questioner closely. "To tell you the truth, I have had a hint dropped to me that *The Sunshiner* is not to be talked about."

"I was invited on board her tonight," Bessierley confided. "I came down to meet someone."

"The lady owner, sir?"

"Yes."

"Then Monsieur knows who she is?"

"I have no idea."

The Harbor Master coughed. "I am afraid in that case, sir," he said, "I can do no more than reply—I know nothing about her or why she has disappeared."

"That isn't friendly, Captain."

The Harbor Master laid his hand on Bessierley's arm. He led him a little way down the quay towards the Casino. "Your boat is lying being General, isn't she?"

Bessierley pointed her bow, a converted trawler of two hundred tons, with a sailor standing at attention near the gangway.

"Any objection to taking me on board for a moment?"

"Not in the least."

In the saloon, with a whiskey and soda by his side, the Harbor Master became more confidential. "I didn't like it out there, sir," he explained. "Too many people listening. That submarine is a queer sort of craft. She is sailing under the new Spanish flag but

there's no doubt about it—I—she has been in action."

"That's interesting," Bessierley admitted. "But at present I want to know about *The Sunshiner* and the lady."

The Harbor Master appeared worried. "All that I know about her, General, is in general. She is living alone with a maid and manservant on a small island close to Lerin, and every inquiry I have received about her—and there have been many during the last two days—has come from the spies, I call them, of a certain power with whom we are not particularly friendly just now. What they want with her I cannot tell you. It is not my affair, and that is all I can say about it. You will excuse me now, General? I must get back to my job." Whereupon he took his leave.

It was about half-past eleven when Bessierley, who had just decided to spend the night on board, heard footsteps on the gangway and a familiar voice hailing the *Sra Sprit*. Almost immediately the steward announced the visitor. "Mr. Hatherwaite, the American Consul, sir."

"Hope I am not disturbing you," said Hatherwaite. "We had a cable come through from Washington, and as I knew the *Sra Sprit* was in the harbor I brought it down myself. Will you just run through the message and see if it's a matter in which the Consulate is concerned."

Bessierley opened the dispatch. "It is in our private secret service code, Hatherwaite," he confided. "I'll let you know in the morning if there's anything official."

The Consul nodded. "Is it true that one of

these mysterious submarines from the Spanish coast has turned up here?" he asked.

"It's here all right, flying the new Spanish flag, the Harbor Master told me, and in a pretty battered condition. I shouldn't have thought they would have raked bringing it in, but that's not our business."

"Sleeping here tonight?"

Bessierley assented. "If there's anything in this message I'll see you in the morning. Frankly I do not think that it is consular business at all. It is in a private code which we have not used for years and I expect it will take me all night to get the sense of it." The Consul took his leave.

It was dawn before Bessierley had finished his decoding. He was no longer in doubt as to the identity of the mysterious lady.

At eight o'clock in the morning he was awakened by his steward. "A letter brought on board marked 'Immediate,' sir. I thought I had better wake you."

Bessierley tore open the envelope. "To General Bessierley."

"Please to come over at once to this small island. The bearer is the pilot of *The Sunshiner* and he will show your man the channel. It is very difficult. Come in a boat you can find, or your own if it is there, but come quickly. *The Sunshiner* must be left in Cannes Harbor. It will be watched and followed when it leaves."

"Please forgive that I was compelled to go away last night. I will explain."

Bessierley telephoned up to his captain and engineer. In five minutes the engines were throbbing. In a quarter of an hour they were leaving the harbor. Half-a-dozen men on the deck of the submarine were watching them. *The Sunshiner*, which had apparently just come in, was tied up in the next berth. Bessierley hurried the French pilot who had brought the note into the chart room.

"We want to make Little Lerin," he informed the captain, who was at the wheel. "This man is a pilot if you need any advice." The captain leaned over the side. "It depends on the tide, sir, but if the pilot knows the passage we can make it all right. It would be safest to land from the launch if you are thinking of going ashore."

Bessierley nodded. It was only a short journey and he was still in his pajamas. "Bath, shave, clothes and glasses," he told the steward. "A cup of tea as soon as I come on deck. Send the lad and tell him to look out and report to me if we are followed."

The man hurried off. A few minutes later he knocked at the door of the bathroom. "There's some sort of a craft left the harbor coming out on this coast," he murmured.

"Tell the captain full stop ahead."

A quarter of an hour later Bessierley was on deck dressed and shaved. He looked at the white trail left by the oncoming boat and smiled. "How are we for stores?" he asked the steward.

"Nothing we are short of that I can remember, sir," the man replied. "We have a reserve supply of everything."

Bessierley strolled into the chart house.

"We're nearly there, sir," the pilot told him. "The tide is on the turn already. It will be best for you to land from the launch."

Bessierley was thoughtful. "We shall see," he decided. "I don't want to leave the boat if I can help it."

There was a slight sea running. They had left the pursuing craft some distance behind, but Bessierley watched her thoughtfully. He blew his whistle and the boatwain appeared.

"Put a blank shell in number four gun," he ordered, "and have a live one handy."

The man looked astonished, but he saluted and hurried off. Bessierley turned his glass on the small island they were approaching and gave a grunt of satisfaction. On one of the scattered rocks upon the beach a woman was standing, watching their approach.

"How near can you get to that rock?" he asked, pointing it out to the pilot.

"Right up to her, sir."

"Could we take the lady on without landing?"

The pilot looked at him suspiciously. "If she is willing to come," he replied.

"Take her in as near as you can, then. There is a strange boat following us. What will happen to her if she tries to make this passage?"

"She will have the devil's own luck if she makes it, sir. There are three hidden rocks barely a couple of feet under the water. We have passed one of them already."

Bessierley returned on deck. He watched the American flag fluttering in the breeze. He was running a risk and he knew it. He turned once more towards the rocks. It was the woman of the casino who stood there, her figure clearly outlined now. Her hands were raised above her head. There was something heroic in her pose.

"And to think that I never guessed who she might be!" Bessierley muttered to himself.

They drew nearer and nearer. Bessierley reached for the megaphone which the steward by his side held him holding.

"We are coming right in alongside," he shouted. "Can you make the jump? Wave your hand if you hear me."

She waved her hand and sent a long fluttering cry out to him. "I can do that."

Wave and tide were both working against them. The difficulty in their draw nearer was to keep that gulf of deep sea from suddenly widening as their speed slackened. Suddenly Bessierley felt a little thrill. The woman was climbing down what seemed to be a descent of sheer granite. They were within a few yards of her now. Everyone on the boat was silent and breathless. She measured the distance coolly, clinging with legs and feet to the surface of the rock. Then, at precisely the right moment, she let go and took her leap. Bessierley caught her in his arms. Together they swung for a moment against the side of the wheelhouse, then with a little laugh and breathing quickly she caught the rail.

"Here I am!" she exclaimed. "Have I done what you wished?"

"Marvelously," He shouted orders to the pilot. The man leaned out towards him. A few rapid sentences were exchanged. Bessierley nodded and turned to his passenger.

"Look here," he said, "I understand a little of this business now. Do you know anything about that submarine that came in?"

"I know that there are men on board whom I do not wish to meet," she confided. "They are friends of the two who were watching me. I am afraid they would interfere with what I wish to accomplish."

"Well, they are coming up behind," Bessierley told her. They followed out. They caught her as she was getting clear, but we have to go dead slow for a few minutes."

"Do the best you can," she begged, "to get me away from them."

He nodded and stepped back into the wheelhouse. When he returned she was standing calmly leaning against the rail, looking almost as little perturbed as when she had stood by his side at the casino bar a few hours before. "Now tell me what it is that you wish, Princess," he said. "If you say the word we will keep you on this boat and I can land you wherever you like."

"Thank you," she said with a brilliant smile. "I prefer that. I will be landed at Trévadis."

"Trévadis? Where the mischief is that?"

"It is the chief port of my country."

He stared at her for a moment in surprise. "It will take us five days," he told her.

"You haven't a maid, clothes or anything."

"I can manage," she assured him serenely. "I prefer not to return to Cannes—not even to my island. Neither is safe. You do not wish to take on long a voyage? Remember you must not call at any port. If it is necessary, you may go to Malta."

"What about this man we have on board whom you sent to me this morning?"

"He is of no account," she replied. "I have paid him for a month and for the hire of his boat. He will accompany us wherever I choose. The decision is yours to make. I wish to go to Trévadis."

"Nothing in the world," Bessierley assured her with a twinkle in his eyes, "will give me so much pleasure as to escort you there."

She smiled slowly. "You are a very gallant man, General Bessierley."

He had a reply ready, but it died on his lips. They were edging their way down the narrow channel when suddenly just outside in the lee of the island he caught sight of the submarine. "Clever devils!" he exclaimed.

"They guessed we would come out this way so they have kept to the open sea."

"Will they sink us?" she asked calmly.

Bessierley smiled. "Somehow I don't think they will even try," he said. "However, we shall soon know."

The captain hurried out of the wheelhouse. "The submarine that came into Cannes last night is outside—dead ahead, sir. She is signalling us to stop."

"You will excuse me for a moment?" Bessierley begged.

(Continued on page 6)



It was the girl of the casino bar, her hands raised high above her head

MEN may respect dogs for intelligence, cats for grace and horses for beauty, but the animal that truly demands man's sober respect is the rat. Behold the rat! His depredations are of astonishing magnitude. He spreads diseases which have killed more men than all wars put together, and has destroyed more property than all other noxious animals. He is a blood-thirsty cannibal beside whom such destroyers as Attila the Hun pale into insignificance.

Salute the mighty rat. He accomplished a job that stumped the Czar's army. He presented Napoleon's army with typhus when it invaded Russia and sent it limping away on the most disastrous military retreat in history. He carried bubonic plague to Europe and saw it kill 25,000,000 people over a fifty-year period. At one time in London's history the rat's "Black Death" wiped out a large proportion of the population. Bubonic plague has taken over 10,000,000 lives in India already in the present century. Moreover, through his destructive habits, the rat has ruined more property than could ever be inventoried. And his depredations are by no means at an end.

How many rats are there in the United States? Obviously no one could answer such a question with any real accuracy. The best surveys indicate that in cities there is one rat for each two people, and in towns, one rat per citizen. On farms there are probably two rats per person. So the total rat population of the United States is somewhere in the neighborhood of 130,000,000. Each of these rodents consumes fifty pounds of food a year and destroys about two dollars' worth of property. This makes an annual rat bill of \$260,000,000—not including the money paid to countless exterminating companies to rid us of the pests.

Cities are fighting a winning war against these invaders and in the past twenty years have been able to cut the urban rat population an estimated fifty per cent. Atlanta, Detroit and San Antonio have staged tremendously effective campaigns and Pittsburgh is about ready to lurch one. Greenwich, Connecticut, is in the midst of a campaign now—a move which, ironically enough, was made necessary by sanitary measures that should have helped eliminate rats. Greenwich abandoned its city dump, the hapless home of tens of thousands of rats, and built an incinerator. With their steady supply of food thus cut off, the rats invaded houses. The city appealed to the United States Biological Survey which has seventy-five demonstrators always ready to co-operate in any municipal extermination campaign. The rats were before we got the word, let's look at the villain of this piece, himself: the rat.

The rat is a native of Asia. He probably followed the Crusaders back to Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. The first settlers introduced the black rat to the United States and the brown rat came along during the voyage of the *San Juan*. The latter is a cannibal who likes hot blood and kills for the love of killing, all but exterminated the black rat. The brown rat probably accounts for well over ninety per cent of the United States' rat population today.

He is adaptable and prolific. He is happy in subtropical Florida and Texas, but can graze a warm winter coast to survive in cold-storage warehouses. Given ample food and good living conditions, the female can produce as many as ten litters a year, the gestation period being twenty days. The average litter contains ten young. Potentially, a pair of brown rats can produce 350,000,000 heirs in a three-year period. The rat is a voracious animal, especially attracted by the sound of running water. They have chewed holes into the bellies of fat bags and gnawed the feet of three elephants so badly that Hagenbeck, the Hamburg zoo-owner, ordered the suffering beasts destroyed. They once attacked and devoured a man who entered a rat cage, and a few years ago darkened a large portion of New York City by chewing through electric insulation at a powerhouse and short-circuiting the generative system.

Rats are probably of the same order of intelligence as dogs. They are smart enough to make mass attacks on enemies, to eat food by digging their tails in bottle necks too



RELENTLESS ENEMY OF MAN

by J. D. Ratcliff

small for their snouts, and to avoid crudely-set traps. They are bright enough to migrate to the country—and a more plentiful supply of food—when spring arrives, and to lead blind rats to safety when danger threatens. The rat is no fool, and to exterminate him, one must be subtle.

Biological Survey exterminators preach an orderly approach to any campaign. First, rats must be starved out. Next, they must be built out. And third, those that have survived these efforts must be killed. Sanitation will starve them out. If garbage cans are covered and foods are kept in rat-proof bins, the rats will co-operate with the process of extermination: hunger will drive them to cannibalism. In any municipal campaign, sanitation is of greatest importance and the step that is always taken first is to clean up alleys and destroy trash piles that make good harbors. A dramatic example of the number of rats that can be supported by bad sanitary conditions is afforded by a Paris slaughterhouse. The establishment destroyed as many as thirty-five old horses each day for their hides, and discarded the carcasses. Each night rats consumed this debris. After the slaughterhouse moved to new premises, exterminators went to work on the old refuse dump and in a month's time destroyed 16,000 rodents!

Building the rat out is more difficult and often entails considerable expense. Concrete sills sunk two feet underground and extending eighteen inches above ground will eliminate the pests from almost any household—provided drains, windows and pipe entries are properly screened.

Once these things are completed the dramatic campaign of slaughter begins. Ferrets and dogs are the greatest natural enemies of rats. The cat, contrary to popular superstition, rarely attacks a full-grown rat. Traps are effective. The idea that the person baiting the trap must wear gloves—that the smell of human hands repels the rat—is foolish. The rat is either unconscious of, or does not object to, the smell of human beings. Yet another popular misconception is that traps must be baited to eliminate rat smells after each use.

While trapping may be helpful in keeping rats under control, the method is by no means as effective as poisons. Certainly the most potent of all these poisons is thallium sulphate, which causes lung paralysis. It is so dangerous that it is rarely used except by the most expert exterminators. There is no antidote for it, hence if a human or a household pet inadvertently swallows a small amount of it there is a casualty. Phosphorus, arsenic and strychnine poisons are also dangerous unless used by experts, although each has its antidote. Probably the most successful of all rat poisons is red squill, derived from the bulb of a plant that is a member of the lily family. When dogs, cats or humans accidentally swallow some of this they vomit almost immediately—thus ridding themselves of the poison. Since rats are unable to vomit, they perish.

Preparing bait for rats is a job every bit as exacting as preparing hors d'oeuvres for a group of exacting guests. In the first place, one can never be sure what foods a rat is in the habit of eating. They will, in a pinch, eat anything, but perhaps they have not been pinched. Therefore, the best policy is to prepare a variety of baits. A sample menu might be prepared as follows:

Grind one pound of fish (canned salmon will do) in a meat chopper and mix with one ounce of red squill.

Mix one pound of hamburger steak with an ounce of red squill.

Sprinkle the poison on slices of fruit with a salt shaker.

Mix an ounce of squill with a pound of oatmeal and a pint of milk.

The last of these mixtures should be placed in small saucers. The three semi-dry mixtures should be rolled into balls about the size of marbles. The important feature in any exterminating job is to put all these foods to-

gether in groups about the premises—then the rat may choose his own poison. The foods should be prepared in the late afternoon so they will be fresh for the night feeding. Such an array of poisons should promptly eliminate seventy-five per cent of the rats in any house. Most of these will die in burrows, but a few may die in the walls of the house, giving rise to noxious odors that will persist for days. There is no way of avoiding this unpleasantness except by opening the walls and removing the bodies, although some relief may be obtained by drilling small holes in the plaster and atomizing some drowsant—crocidolite, perfume, ammonia—into the hole.

Any rats that avoid the poison lures laid for them must be caught in traps. The spring, or guillotine, trap is the most effective, but here again the householder must be subtle. Toasted cheese, fried bacon, fish, oatmeal—all make excellent baits.

The traps should be placed intelligently. If, for example, there is a rathole in the corner of a room, it is well to place a box or carton in that corner, so that a corner of the box is a few inches from the hole. The box then makes two alleys along all sides of the room, and traps set in these two alleys will almost surely catch the culprit.

The greatest rat-elimination program in recent times was staged a few years ago in Texas, Georgia, and Alabama by the now-defunct Civil Works Administration. The campaign had two incentives: to pay men to work, and to attempt to stop the march of rat-spread typhus, a growing problem in these areas. A total army of 10,000 unemployed men carried on the work and they used 800,000 pounds of bait, plus thousands of traps. They treated over a third of a million barns, houses, corn cribs and meat houses, and in a three-month period killed 7,500,000 rats! Of the number 623,000 were caught in traps and the rest poisoned. In addition to making progress toward controlling a pressing health problem, the campaign made good economic sense. If we suppose that in a three-month period those rats would have destroyed fifty cents worth of property each, there is an indicated saving of \$3,750,000. Yet the whole campaign cost only \$670,000.

It is a wise farmer, householder or municipal authority who accepts the rat as one of man's greatest foes; and who will organize a systematic campaign of eradication. They are spreaders of disease and destroyers of property—obnoxious pests that at times have threatened the very existence of civilization.



Drawn by George Meble

"A guy got something in his eye, folks. Fer fairer details read your daily newspaper!"

THE ELUSIVE PRINCESS

Continued from page four

"I will come with you," the girl replied.

Bessie stepped into the wheelhouse, took up one of the telephones and shouted an order below. Then he talked briefly but very much to the point to the pilot who was still at the wheel, and to his captain. Finally he took up the megaphone and spoke out on deck. Very soon they were within thirty or forty yards of the submarine. An officer stood on the hull and shouted.

"Hear ye, *Sue Spritz*! We are sending a boat to board you."

"What the devil do you mean by giving us orders?" Bessie rejoined.

"We are now going straight ahead."

"We have affairs with the lady on your boat. It is necessary that you stop."

"We have no intention of stopping."

There was a moment's pause. Another officer crawled up from the interior of the submarine. He took the megaphone.

"General," he called out, "we ask you courteously to receive some officers who wish to speak to the lady you have on board."

"Spanish officers, I suppose?" Bessie scoffed. "I see you are flying the Spanish flag."

"That is not your affair," was the prompt rejoinder. "We order you to leave us."

"I refuse," Bessie replied. "We are going right ahead. What are you going to do about that?"

"Sink you," was the angry retort.

Bessie leaned over the side.

"Let her go, boatwain!" he called out.

There was a sudden report from beneath, a violent oscillation of the ship. One of the two officers on the submarine in his start nearly slipped into the water. The other was holding on to the coming tower. They seemed too amazed for words.

"That is a blank charge," Bessie informed them politely. "We're in a fix, you see. I can put you at the bottom of the Mediterranean in a few seconds if you try any more of those threats." No, he added, waving his arm, "you wouldn't have time to swing round the machine gun even. You are asking for it. Do you want it?"

There was no reply. Bessie turned to the captain. "Full speed ahead!" he ordered. "Ram the submarine if she's in the way."

"You have no right to carry guns," one of the officers shouted, his voice trembling with passion.

"And you have no right to fly a flag that isn't the flag of your country," Bessie answered. "I have a license from the United States Government to carry two guns and that is our flag and you had better turn round and go back to where you came from."

A further group of the officers came up from below. They were all shouting and gesticulating incoherently. The *Sue Spritz* was tearing through the water now at twenty knots and increasing her speed every minute.

"I don't believe they have a torpedo left," Bessie granted. "Anyhow they will never be able to get into position to fire it. Swing her around to starboard, captain," he added raising his voice. "Keep her hard away and due southeast."

Bessie's surmise was probably right. In a quarter of an hour the submarine was nothing but a little gray

amalgam upon the waters and they were doing their thirty knots straight ahead. "I would suggest," he proposed as he laid down the glasses, "that we descend to the saloon and have our coffee."

She latched her arm through his. "You really are quite a wonderful man," she said.

Seven days later, in the magnificent natural harbor of Travada, the Princess Rita and General Bessie watched the approach of a perfectly modern and quite new motorboat in which were seated several men in picturesque uniforms.

"That is my brother, the King," the Princess pointed out. "The man on his right is his Chief Counselor and the one on the left is the head of the army."

"Fine looking fellow, your brother," Bessie commented. "Seems to me, Princess, we have talked this little show of ours almost to shreds but there is one question I have never asked you."

"There are several which I begin to think you had forgotten," she remarked demurely.

Bessie's fingers tightened upon her arm. "The one I was thinking of at the moment was intensely practical," he told her.

"Please ask it me now then," she begged.

"Why were you so determined not to sell the land or grant these concessions to your neighbors?"

"There are indeed several reasons. For one thing, neither my brother nor I trust them. For another thing, I think as soon as they landed here and began setting up works and digging they would feel some more (and had of conquest that has become almost like madness to them. I think, to tell you the truth, the end of it would be that they would take over our country. We lose you the land, we grant you the concession, you plant your flag and I think that there is no one who would interfere with it."

"You are quite a modern young lady, aren't you?" Bessie observed.

"You forget," she replied with dig-

nity, "that I have traveled and I have read history. I know much more than my brother about these things. Now they come."

She waved her arms. Her brother ran lightly up the steps and embraced her. They talked in a strange tongue for a few minutes. Then she turned to Bessie and presented him. They went down below, where champagne and many delicacies were prepared. Afterwards Bessie spread a map and several documents which he had drawn up upon the table and spoke a few plain words.

"Your Majesty may wonder," he said, addressing the mountain king, "why land which seems so unprofitable should suddenly be desired by two great nations. It has been explained to me in the dispatch which I received from Washington in this way. There is an enormous demand in my country and all others for metal, and within the last few months there has been discovered an amazing new alloy of cobalt of which you seem to have an unlimited supply, and other substances, which, treated scientifically, will produce a metal having all the qualities of nickel. We want it for aeroplanes, we want it for a hundred different purposes."

"On this map I have enclosed a space with red lines. We propose that you give to my country the right to anything found in that area. As a consideration we offer you a cash payment of a million dollars a year so long as we work upon the territory. There are a few other conditions. You are not to grant concessions to any other country and you are to provide us with a certain amount of labor, for which of course we shall pay you a royalty to be fixed upon later."

"The other conditions are written there. They are not important. I shall now leave you for half an hour and your sister can translate what your advisers have not understood. When I return I hope that you will give me the pleasure of luncheon with me and that you will be ready to sign the various documents. I shall have a draft for the money ready to (Continued on page 12)

Hi, Lady! Take an expert's advice on beauty soap



"Here's why doctors advise my friendly beauty care for your skin"

Cuddle your face against Baby's cheek. That helps tender softness thrill your heart! . . . Delicate loveliness . . . it pleads for the gentlest care . . .

Doctors agree that sensitive baby skin should be cleansed kindly. They require Baby's soap to be mild, pure - its gentleness untouched by color or strong perfume.

Now think! Which soap passes this medical test best? Doctors themselves say it's pure, mellow Ivory Soap. Recently a leading medical journal wrote 26,000 doctors asking them which soaps they advised. For both babies' and grown-up skins, more doctors replied "Ivory" than any other soap.

Yes! Doctors said "Ivory" for grown-up skins, too! Your skin has lived a longer and harder life than Baby's. It deserves even more the kindness of gentle, pure Ivory. Try Ivory for just a month . . . you'll find it a true friend to your complexion.



Try baby's beauty treatment for your skin, too . . .

IVORY SOAP 99 41/100% PURE

THE BALL THAT'S BOUNCING AROUND THE WORLD

by Clair F. Bee

Director of Athletics and Head Basketball Coach of Long Island University

As told to Richard McCall

JOHN BURN sat up suddenly in bed. Someone was knocking at his door. He turned for the light switch, slipped out of bed and blinked at his wrist watch. It was 3:30 a.m. and no one at all for visitors.

"Who's there?" Burn called, shuffling toward the door.

"Me—Hank," came the voice from the corridor.

Burn opened the door and Hank Lunetti, star forward of the Long Island University basketball team, slipped in. Burn shut the door.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Just don't know," said Hank.

"I just can't sleep. I've been tossing around in bed for five hours."

Burn nodded sympathetically. He knew what was the matter. He knew that the boy was a bundle of nerves won't his by coat-tugging autograph hounds, by the day-long jangle of phone calls from admiring fans — by all those worrisome little by-products of fame.

So he sat down with Lunetti and talked to him quietly. He talked about everything except the game that Stankewitz was to play the following night. It was dawn when Burn realized that he was talking to himself. Lunetti had fallen off to sleep.

Thereafter, whenever Stankewitz took to the road, Lunetti registered for one room and slept in another. All phone calls for him were filtered through the team's assistant manager, the manager, and finally the coach; and all meals were taken in privacy, where the lad didn't have to sit with his left hand while he autographed meals with his right.

Now, all this occurred on Stanford's Eastern tour last winter and it is set down here to show you, better than any figure the statistics can offer, the great growth of the game of basketball.

Not so long ago, basketball was played in dimly-lit halls with few spectators; the players were as anonymous as a boy; and their autographs weren't even wanted as co-signers on a loan.

But today the little game that was born in a peach basket has grown to such proportions that countless admissions are being paid at 2,000,000 college, high-school, church, and all semi-pro and professional games this season; more than 25,000,000 young and old men and women are playing it; doubleheaders are the major winter-sports attractions in a dozen cities, and many a young star is finding himself in the same nervous state that poor Hank Lunetti shivered through that morning in Philadelphia. No longer is the basketball player unknown; the forgotten man of sport has become a national figure.

Indeed, he has become an international figure, for basketball is being played this winter in fifty-nine countries — Germany, Japan, Argentina, France, Cuba, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Lithuania and Italy, to name a few. And all fifty-nine will have teams in the 1940 Olympics in Finland.

This represents more than a hundred per cent increase over the basketball enrollment at the last Olympics, when the teams of twenty-eight nations competed, and is in direct contrast to the waning reception that greeted basketball's entrance into the Olympics at Berlin in 1936.

Basketball's world-wide popularity is easily understood when you consider that it has few and simple rules; that it requires very little equipment, and that it can be played in the basement of a church, or an unused classroom, or in the back yard. It is the ideal game for spectators, too, played as it is in a small area with the ball visible at all times.

Minors have done more to spread the game than any other group. Nearly everywhere that an American mission house stands on foreign soil you will find native boys playing the game. Hawaii and the Philippines have some crack teams. And in China basketball is the closest thing to a national sport that they have. The game is played outdoors and crowds of 10,000 are not unusual.

I like to think that I have had something to do with this spread of the game. I did my first bit back in the winter of 1919 — after the Armistice.

I had been sent to the University of Beaune, which the American Government established at Marseille. Talking with other doughboys who had spent the football season with me in the trenches, I suggested that we play some basketball. We had no court, so basketball, no baskets and no uniforms. But, then, neither did James A. Naughton when he invented the game back in Springfield, Mass., in 1891, to make gym work more exciting for his Y. M. C. A. boys. So we followed his example and made the most of what we had. We leveled out a pasture near the school as best we could, nailed the rim of a wire cage to a tree at either end, borrowed a soccer ball and played in our soldier outfits.

When we dribbled out onto our bumpy court that first day none of us realized that we were making sports history. We were just intent on filling in the lapse between Armistice and homecoming. But I believe that was the first time that basketball was played on the soil of France — and, perhaps, the first time it was played anywhere in Europe.

I can remember how the little boys of the village used to come out and watch us in silent amazement. They had never seen soldiers act like this. Every now and then we would catch one of the older boys to round out a team, and pretty soon the boys were playing among themselves, taking over the court when we had finished for the day.

Thus, it was that basketball came to France — much the same as boxing came to Germany when the Americans

Army of Occupation staged boxing tournaments that attracted small Teuton bids, among them a wide-eyed lad named Max Schmeling.

My second bit to spreading the game was done this past summer when I took my Long Island University squad to Puerto Rico for a series of exhibition games. My boys expected to find dimly-lit, unheated gyms, ignorant of the rules and the technique of the game. But they got a surprise. Those Puerto Rican boys are tricky and durable but clever ball handlers.

Most surprising of all, though, they are marvelous shots. I take pride in the fact that my boys are crack shots and my teams usually rank high in scoring, but those Puerto Ricans are almost as good. I found out why the second day I was on the island. Late that afternoon I was watching the Puerto Ricans practice and I gave a few of these pointers on the best technique for shooting. One of the boys I advised was Roberto Martinez. When I left the court, he was still firing away at the basket, and getting better all the time.

Well, that night when I took a stroll around the park in the moonlight I heard a *thump-thump-thump* and the rhythmic pad of feet coming from

(Continued on page 13)

COUGHS!

Get After That Cough Today with PERTUSSIN

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or itched, the sometimes from croupitis. Give Pertussin in your throat and windpipe after you turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. This makes you cough.

Pertussin stimulates those glands to pour out their natural mucus so that the annoying phlegm is loosened and easily rinsed. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved.

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 50 years. It's pleasant and sooths. Sold at all druggists.

PERTUSSIN

"The Most-Used" Method of Cough Relief

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DONALD MARTIN



1. Donald Martin is an agent for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. An insurance agent is known as a man who sells—but Donald Martin is more than a salesman. Like other Metropolitan agents, besides selling insurance, he does many other helpful things. Let's follow him from his home and see for ourselves . . .

2. Here is Donald Martin in Mrs. Work's home. Mrs. Work greets him pleasantly and little Lucy says "Hello." This is not a call to sell insurance. Mrs. Work pays Donald Martin 30 cents, and he writes a receipt in a little book she keeps. This money, which Donald Martin comes to collect every week, pays the premiums on the Works' insurance policies. (This system of collecting small weekly or monthly premiums has made life insurance available to millions of the very people who need it most.)



3. Now we find Donald Martin calling on Mrs. Brown, who is ill. "With your doctor's approval, I'm asking one of our visiting nurses to drop in to help him," says Donald Martin. "But you know I can't afford a visit from a nurse," says Mrs. Brown. "You needn't worry," replies Donald Martin; "Metropolitan will pay this nurse." (Metropolitan's Visiting Nursing Service, which is available to the Company's industrial policyholders in over 7200 communities, is part of Metropolitan's broad program to promote better health.)



4. Here, Donald Martin, in passing the "Davis" bonus, sees little Nancy looking dolefully out of the window. "What's the matter with Nancy?" he asks. ". . . Oh, she just has the sniffles," answers Mrs. Davis. "Well, don't take any chances," says Donald Martin. "Here's a booklet on colds. Read it carefully." (About every half second a Metropolitan booklet on health is placed in someone's hands.)



5. Next we find Donald Martin in the office of Mr. Henry Lent. And this time he is selling Life insurance. He is selling an insurance plan that will provide for Mr. Lent's family if he should die and will pay Mr. Lent, if he lives, a regular income from age 65 on.



6. This duty makes Donald Martin sad—but also proud. He is sad to lose a friend, but proud to place in the friend's hands the insurance money she badly needs—and to do it so promptly. Every effort of an efficient organization is directed toward getting money for death claims into beneficiaries' hands as quickly as possible.

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Drawn by Art Hooper

"You say my feet is familiar?"



Illustrated by O. F. Schmitz

Homer was blind, but he was still a good sheep dog — with a high part to play in a drama of man against man.

by Kenneth Perkins

It was a long time since Homer had heard that command. He remembered the words from his past when he guarded sheep from wind or wolves, or herded them to the water-hole, or into the pens of the main layag. He knew how to do it, without scaring them or driving them. He knew the tricks of the trade. He was a fine sheep dog before he was a hind.

His master must have forgotten this last point when he yelled, "Dog 'em back to the vagon!" The outrageous command surprised Homer, but it also quickened every nerve in his shaggy old body. Instinct and cunning came to his aid. He knew the vagon was not there. He surged through him in rampant and rebellious thrills. He smiled and heard the hatching of wool. From a good distance he could tell by the scent of the painted brands and their noses dipped in tar to ward against botflies, that these sheep were not wild, but belonged to man. He knew the man's eyes were not on him, but on the fox, for his hind eyes, he saw them with every fiber of his being.

He bounced off over the filaree towards the scattered herd. That filaree, he knew from long experience, made the sheep skittish when it sprang up all over the range before the summer drought. It made them run and split and drift far. This was going to be a hard job.

His perpetual darkness, like tons of black wool, lighted up suddenly with many scenes and sounds. Even the hreath of the hot wind on his tongue and trembling snout sharpened the picture. It told him which way the sheep were stringing out. They must be grazing into the wind. If it had been cold they would drift the other way. That was how he knew he must

One wide circle got them warping inward towards a center, another bunched them, then he started the whole mass down towards the wagon. His sense of direction, of course, was as true as the needle that points to the North.

Star. He was as good as any dog in that. But

He did not go straight. He remembered the high grass of the bench he had crossed and avoided it. He had not forgotten how sheep will stay out of places where they can't see. He hunched them up into a wide gully and kept them moving over the hove of a hill. Here he had to doze. He knew how they hated to go over into unseen ground.

Down again into the next gully, he let them follow paths worn deep by their own files and cut deeper by wind and water. He smelled the dust boiling up in the long lines and knew that it was a big band, perhaps a hundred sheep. He kept them close and deep and leaded.

He had them all, as far as his ears and nose could count. A slight tinkle of stones and rumble of a blade of grass behind him, told of one's spilling off on its own. Hooter snarled, easily smelling mutton in the brush, for the wind was strong. He kept them close and deep and leaded. A stray wahoo. Further on he heard the half-dumb yaps and gurgling and wheezing of a ewe. He did not bother her, for he could smell

the newly-dropped lamb and in his memory see the bundle of legs and wet skin. But this was not his business. A rider from the drop bunch would attend to it later. Right now Homer had the one job — to get the herd to the wagon.

was not there. All right, he still had work to do. He stood on a sand hummock, lifting his head and stiffening his shaggy ear. The wagon was rolling on across the bottoms, churning dust. Homer smelled the dust and heard the distant rhythm of lugging wheels and squeaking floorboards and plodding hoofs. His master must have forgotten to wait. He did not set like the horses. Homer had needed for in the past

Rusty Terwester, the dog's master, used the wagon as a veterinary shop. He rode around to the line camps of the cow outfits, the lamb-

ing crew camps, the single herders, the master

This band of sheep Homer was rounding up had been under the care of a hound by the name of Jeff. Jeff, crossing the lonely prairie, had found Jeff Pine partially hidden by brush, with a bullet in his chest. Jeff's black dog lay in a sand walled at some distance, shapeless and still as his dead master. His hide had been drilled in three spots. Evidently the dog had been harder to kill than his master. The drifting sheep. Then he picked up Jeff Pine's body in his long scrawny arms and laid him in the wagon. The hunk back of the wagon's cabin was piled high with bones, cans, horse boxes, wooden gags, as Rusty had to put the body away in the space. The space always reserved in sheep wagons for the dog. He hung a hunk of sheep across the space as a curtain, and then he hid the trail.

He knew Jeff Pine, a pinch-faced young

sheepherder who worked for the Double R outfit. He thought about it as he took the wagon track trail down from the bench. Jeff Pine, he recalled, would go down to a salaried house in Puente and gamble when he was paid off. He had been known to take advantage of

honest gamblers. A sheepherder would not be apt to have anything worth robbery and murder, but a slippery gambler would. That was about all Rusty thought of the killing. Since he was heading for the Double R sheep ranch, he was thinking of something much more agreeable — Martha Shawn who lived at the Double R.

Martha's father was head of a sheering crew

and traveled from one outfit to the other, but the girl stayed with her grandmother at the ranch. She was a slim, brown-eyed, rather long-legged young thing who had surprised Rusty on his last visit. He had thought she was only one of the ranch kids until she asked him if he knew a concession for cold cream. Although

Rusty's wan was full of bottles and ointments, he said he was a horse doctor, not a beauty doctor. But he promised to bring her some cream on his next trip. Martha, he realized, had surprised him, had gotten up. He had the sense the woman wanted in his wagon. Also she had powder.

When he topped a hill he caught up all of a sudden with a man on foot lugging a Vasilla saddle. In the sage of the roadside a calico was lathered up and being scratched. The man was a six-foot Cholo, with a thick neck and a small head.

Rusty rumbled on up ahead of him but kept his horses walking, noticing the man had a gun noosed down to his thigh. He guessed that it would be wiser not to stop, but to be casual, he said.

"Hot dry, pilgrims."

The Cholo looked up, his face as brown and hard as wood. He lifted his hand, making a definite gesture for Rusty to stop, then asked quickly, "Which way you trailing?"

"I don't know, but I've been here before."

The Chulo looked at the team, then at the wagon. He might have been able to read the sign on the cabin's side: "*Rusty Turner*."

him. He wanted a pony that could do some fast trailing.

"Listen," the Chalo said. "My cousin, he's lame. He can find his way home. You let me ride."

Rusty wanted to step back and rummage in his box of sybophons and scalpels for his gun, but he did not have time. The stranger had slung his saddle into the door and stepped up on the wagon tongue.

"Saddle up," said "Glad to help."

When the man was inside the cabin, Rusty turned his hack, clacked to the horses and the wagon rolled. His hack felt very cold, and he never realized how many separate nerve centers he had, from his red neck nose to the tip of his ponytail. As soon as that half-bred found a stray horse to top off, he would get out of the straw. But he might cover his tracks first. Perhaps he would not want him long. He might decide to drive the team himself and just dump Rusty off in the mesquite.

For the time being, however, the renegade was a good horse, steady and sure.

He stared through the window above the bunk and saw that the band was being driven by a dog. Rusty glanced over his shoulder and saw the Chino's face blank and brown, the tight muscles over his mouth stretched. "Huh," he said.

"Just one. Help yourself to that jug I brought for him. It's under the dash cupboard."

Rusty felt the moment's silence like something hitting his back.

"Maybe he had two dogs," the Chulo said, huffed. "Sometimes they have two."

"Not Jeff Pine. I know him. He had one dog.

The drum of hoofbeats above the slow clip-clop of the wagon horses brought the renegade to the door with a jump. He stood right behind Rusty's shoulder, staring. Both men saw two riders topping the hill, then joggling on the downgrade towards the wagon.

"Sure, I know what'll happen," Rusty said quickly. "I know. Hell, you don't have to tell me. I got some sense."

"—*He was a big, bald, whiskered fat man*—"
galloned up to them. "Hi, Rusty."

From behind the store where he had ducked, the Chulo said, "Answer 'em but keep going."

Rusty saw the girl almost at arm's length, her mouth like the red ocellus cactus the night before. He saw her eyes, too, bright all of a sudden compared to the black grape. Rusty was thinking of—that gun he was pressing his hand. He said in a tight voice, "Hi, Martha. Can't stop. In a hurry."

"That wait, Rusty. I'm hunting for Dad! He's out to see Jesus. Fine and I worried."

Rusty said, "I'll be right back. You sit the old

"Listen, Rusty, please! I got to find Jeff Pine before Dad gets there! Dad's gunning for him."

Tovestor's Adam's apple said many eloquent things.

"Go ahead and answer her, you lop-eared idiot!" the Chulo said through his teeth. "Ask, is she sure her dad came out here."

Rusty knew the reason for the Chulo's prompting. Martha's dad had not killed Jeff Pine — Rusty would bet everything on it, but

"Did your dad go around telling folks he was running for Jeff?" Rusty asked gloomily.

"Everyone told him Pine coid-decked him last night. Dad had gotten all his savings to buy a parcel of sheep and land so we could

have a run of our own. He needed a few hundred dollars more and Pine got him in a game with a rigged deck.

"I was drunk, remember that," enough," the rim-gate snarled as softly as a cat, "Get gone."

The words awoke Rusty from a dream in which Martha rode by his side, looking up at him through smoggy alkali, while, like a man on a nightmare, he tried to yell out to her but could not.

He put his horses into a loop. "Got to hurry on, Martha, honest. Haven't seen Pine, or my dad, either."

Martha's thin shining face recoiled in the dust cloud. With the fat sheepshead trailing her, she wheeled and galloped off to the foothills."That's all right," Rusty said. "I did what you told me. Put your gun in the leather."He looked glumly at his Chulo's face, which for the first time showed an answering expression. The blubber lips stretched, showing horse-tooth teeth, the narrow eyes burned. "May be he has." Rusty exhaled. He knew this would be the

"That dog bringing the woolies home. He'll make the billies easy. He's that kind of a dog."

"Oh, no. Jeff Pine only had one—a hinky mongrel. The Double R wouldn't give two black dogs to one herder. They're too valuable on account the sheep fear a black dog more."

"All right. But he had two dogs!" the Chualo

Rusty Torvester ventured another look at the face behind his shoulder. The eyes showed muddy white rims.

The Chualo said querulously, "Meanin' what?"

"His legs kind of shook, and his hair was dripping like rain down the front of his shirt. It thousands of beads of sweat on the water pocket. But it was blood red, green, the old purp just got up and started walking. Same as a rattler when you took off its head: will sidewind around till sun-sets."

"You going deaf? I told you the dog was dead."

"It's! What do you know about that? That explains it!"

"Explains what, for hell's sake?"

Rusty said carefully, "It wasn't natural -- he may be dogged those sheep. *Acted* suicidal. You couldn't see when he was going to die. He waited for this ferment in the Chualo's brain. He just trailed around like he remembered how he did it when he was alive."

"What in tarnation blazes are you talking about?"

"I heard about things happening that way. Maybe the dog was smoked up, but he had two things to do before he croaked. He had

"Well, heck, can't you see the sheep coming over the hill?"

Deep in his throat the Chirio said, "The dog's

"Did I say something else? Oh, yes. He's not to find the man who salted his master. He'll have to tell the world."

"Maybe the dog'll tell," the renegade said,

(Continued on page 15)



PISO'S SOOTHES—LOOSENS COUGHS DUE TO COLDS

Mother—if your child's sleep is being troubled by a hard cough, do this three PISO's at once. After these two weeks, the coughing will stop.

LOCALLY—PISO's soothing ingredients clear the throat's over-irritated membranes that bring on coughing.

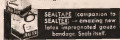
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J.W. JUNG SEED CO., Sta. 22, Randolph, Wis.

KEEP YOUTH IN YOUR EYES — by Sylvia Blythe

These eyes have it in any vote as to the cardinal feature of the face. They are the prime element to be played up and played up to, says Hal Phyllis, famous portrait photographer, whose camera studies include the famous beauties of the day. What he sees and projects in eyes are their physical aliveness and mental alertness, and as many secrets of personality as they want to tell.

Your eyes will reward you if you will drink quantities of liquid, which they draw from the system as the sun draws water. And give them a daily eye-bath with a two per cent boric acid solution to clear the whites and relieve strain. There are also many number of reliable preparations which you can buy, many of which come with convenient eye-cup stoppers.

Improve the circulation around your eyes, if you want to ward off the wrinkles and grey tissues which age gathers. Lying with your head downward a few minutes a day is extremely beneficial, as are tumbling exercises in which you roll up in a ball and swing your feet over your head. Give a few minutes a day to massage, dipping your fingers in a rich cream and stroking the eye area in circular motion. Try holding your fingers over closed lids, and moving the eyelids on the sockets.

Nothing refreshes tired, bed-auger eyes like damp heat. So make a habit of soothing them at night with absorbent cotton, flower packs or herbal poultices, dipped in hot water. Because they are sensitive to light, even while you sleep, the darker your bedroom, the less muscular strain and the fewer lines you will have.

Perseverant puffiness under the eyes is a cue to see your doctor, and correct the cause. It is induced by overworked nerves, strain, or lack of rest, astraining compresses dipped at intervals in a bowl of ice cubes will help. A thick cream massage containing mild bleaching agents, smoothed under the lids and left on to harden, has an astringent effect upon puffy tissues, and acts as clearing up dark circles when they are caused by fatigue.

Clever make-up will also help you to conceal dark circles. Dot each area with the lightest possible touch of cream rouge. Below the lids smooth on a lighter foundation cream than you use for your face, and blend carefully with the rouge effect. Apply your darker base over the remainder of your face, blend the two shades well over the cheek bones, and use a



powder of one uniform color. A warm brown or a rich orchid crease on the inner lids will help further to disengage the dark circles. But avoid smoky gray and cold-blue.

Keep your eyebrows cleanly etched, furly thick and well-shaped. And darken them discreetly with a sharp pencil, applied in featherlike strokes, then brushed with the eye shadow. If your lashes are thick, powdering them before you apply your mascara will make them look thicker. If they are short or brittle, oil-defec-

torator oil rubbed into them at night will stimulate growth and give them a silky luster, and cream mascara brushed upward will make them look more luxuriant. Let the mascara dry, then apply a curling device or spread the lashes with your fingers.

Clear, sparkling rouge and powder with a rosy undertone will make your eyes look brighter. Matching the color exactly with a clip, a necklace or a scarf points to them like an arrow. A hint of the same shade as your eyes makes a better supporting cast.

Drawn by Major Iellon

than your given does, since color shows your face reflects its own tones.

Treat Your Face of Home

A good facial makes your face look younger, fresher. And you can give yourself a good one at home. Our *facial* will help you. To get it, send a three-cent stamp (to cover the cost of mailing) with a note to Sylvia Blythe, Service Department, This Week Magazine, in care of this newspaper.

THEY SET THEIR ALARM FOR SPRING

by Roy Chapman Andrews

On winter's night the telephone rang at my home in Peking, China. At the other end of the wire was Clifford Pope, one of the members of an expedition that I had sent up the Yangtze River to collect alligators during the winter. "I've just arrived," he said, "with six alligators. I'm at the hotel. What shall I do with them?"

"If they are asleep, better leave them in the baggage room till morning. They were dormant, for he had dug

them from mudholes where they had been hibernating.

Pope put them in the baggage room, but one package was placed near a radiator. At six o'clock in the morning the Swedish housekeeper called to Pope's room.

"You half one alligator! He half come out," she gasped.

Pope went over to the lobby where a six-foot alligator lay, very much alive. The heat had awakened him from his winter's sleep and he was looking for food.

The other "gators were completely dormant but it was amazing how quickly normal vitality returned to their bodies after a few hours of hibernation. We could make them partially active by putting them in a sunny corner of the courtyard or quickly send them back to sleep by leaving them on a cold stone floor.

These "gators were in the state of hibernation which many animals, snakes and insects assume during periods of cold or food scarcity. Presumably, nature has provided this amazing condition to keep an animal alive during a period when its existence, owing to scarcity of food, becomes more difficult than usual.

Birds hibernate.

Some animals become only partially dormant, but one of the most perfect examples of complete hibernation is the ground hog, or woodchuck, although he is not as regular in his habits as is generally believed. He usually begins hibernation at the end of September and, if the weather is mild, may awaken on the appointed groundhog day.

A chipmunk which I dug from his winter retreat was curled up, its nose tucked between the hind legs and its tail curled tightly around the body. No motion was perceptible except occasional breathing movements which were much less frequent than when awake. The heartbeats were one-eighth of the number during normal sleep, and the body temperature was only a few degrees higher than that of the air of the burrow.

I warmed the tiny creature in my hands and against my body. About fifteen minutes later its head began to swing slowly back and forth; then the eyelids parted slowly, but it was obvious the chipmunk could not see for several minutes. Finally the whole body began to shake, the fore limbs were stretched tensely and the

hind legs made several feeble kicks. It was nearly an hour before the little fellow was completely normal.

The senses of an animal in complete hibernation are unresponsive. Neither light nor touch disturbs it. A nerve has even been removed from a dormant rooster without the slightest response, even when the filer was pinched.

Among great sleepers of the mammal world are bears, ground squirrels, shunks, chipmunks and jumping mice. In the summer all bears of cold climates latently hibernates, although several days before hibernation, a bear will not eat. Its stomach becomes hard and looks almost like a gizzard. The mistakes became plagued with a ball of pine needles.

When cubs are born during the winter, the she-bear's fat must sustain her and the nursing cubs. Perhaps it is for this reason that the cubs, at birth, are smaller in proportion to their mother's size than those of any North American mammal except the opossum.

None of the tree squirrels hibernates, yet hares often sleep beneath deep snow for many weeks, although they are not true hibernating animals. The winter sleep of larks may be called a hibernation, even though a little handling will arouse them to their normal state.

Attempts have been made to produce artificial hibernation in dogs and cats. The animals have been anesthetized, cooled off in a cold bath and given insulin. Several hours later, with the blood-sugar concentration greatly reduced, the animals did not shiver even though their body temperature was 30 degrees below normal. Woodchucks, given enough insulin to produce a profound deficiency of blood sugar, pass into hibernation with only moderate cooling.

All animals hibernate in cold and temperate regions. Fresh-water turtles bury themselves in mud at the bottom of lakes or rivers and go into such complete torpidity that their digestion and respiration is completely suspended.

Men does not hibernate, although it is reported that a class of Chinese peasants who suffer from a chronic state of human enteritis is somewhat condition for four or five months of the winter. They sleep almost constantly, and move only to replenish the fire or to eat.

Nothing so sweet as Love!

WHY RISK LOSING IT? GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

THEY DON'T WANT TO MEET! THEY'RE NOTHING! I WANT TO PLEASE HIM!

THEN YOU'LL BETTER WATCH YOUR COMPLEXION, BECAUSE IT'S GETTING DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING. WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE?

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT'S GENTLE, DIFFERENT LATHER CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE... LEAVES COMPLEXION SO RADIANT!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

PALMOLIVE

A FEW WEEKS LATER

AND YOU SEEM TO BE GETTING LOVELIER ALL THE TIME. SWEETHEART!

MOTHER WAS RIGHT WHEN SHE SAID THERE'S NOTHING LIKE PALMOLIVE TO KEEP SKIN SMOOTH AND LOVELY!

LINCOLN FREED HIMSELF

Continued from page two

Lincoln was only thirty-one years old at this time but his attitude was that of a beaten, frustrated man who had outlived his usefulness. He was a dweller in limbo, and although he did marry Mary Todd two years later, it was a long, long time before he emerged again into light bright enough and clear enough to enable him to see the road before him. During fourteen of what should have been the most productive years of his life, he virtually stood still. Although great issues were being argued more and more hotly throughout the nation, the man who was destined eventually to decide them seemed as indifferent to them as he was to his own advancement.

After his miraculous election to the Presidency he won with only a sliver of the popular vote! Lincoln found himself hurled into the most awful, bewildering situation that has faced any of our Chief Executives. When he said there was a talk before him "greater than that which rested upon Washington," he was not exaggerating. He knew all too well that his experience in public life was pitifully inadequate; he had had no experience whatever in any executive capacity. The majority of his advisers were either corrupt or incompetent, or both, and the crisis precipitated by the South's secession was one for which there was no precedent whatever. His only old friends—Spauld and Herndon and the rest—were far behind him. His wife's sole concern was with the social splurge made possible by her new, sudden eminence. He was a man alone, and he was by no means certain that he had "truth and justice with him"—and he but betrayed again the weakness which, twice before, had all but ruined his life.

Lincoln's first winter of discontent in the White House—the winter of 1861-1862—represented the "third phase" in his life of surrender to despair. His indecision, his fluctuations, were well-nigh hysterical. The Northern armies in the field were making a poor showing against the genius of the Southern generals, Lee and Jackson. The policy of the administration was being dominated by such men as Ben Wade and Thaddeus Stevens. The tragedy of Lincoln's bewilderment was heightened by the death of his second son, Willie, and by the marauding conduct of his wife.

With no knowledge of military affairs, he had to choose between plans of campaign. He believed, as do so many others who indulge in understandably wishful thinking in wartime, that the whole horror could be ended in a day in one decisive battle. But when was that decisive battle to be fought and who should command the Union forces in it? In the meantime, there was actual danger that the Rebels, by a sudden thrust, might capture Washington itself.

Lincoln passed his faith upon that brilliant comrade George B. McClellan, who showed great ability in organizing the army but none in leading it.

John Hay tells a remarkable story in his diary: "The President, Governor Seward and I went over to McClellan's house tonight. The servant at the door of the General was at the wedding of Colonel Wheaton at General Bull's and would soon return. We went in, and after we had waited about an hour, McClellan came in, and without paying particular attention to the porter who told him the President was waiting to see him, went upstairs, passing the door of the room where the President and the Secretary of State were seated. They waited about half an hour, and then sent more a servant to tell the General they were there; and the answer came that the General had gone to bed. I merely record the unsparingly insolent of equals without comment."

Some time later Lincoln said, "I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will win me victories."

This may be taken as evidence of Lincoln's sanity; patience; but the fact was that he had to accept such snubs from inferiors because he was so woefully unsure of his own position. The contempt with which he was treated by others, such as McClellan and Wade, was undoubtedly magnified as compared with the tremendous scorn that, within his own deeply troubled mind, he heaped upon himself.

What happened within that mighty mind, we shall never know, but the day came—and with overwhelming suddenness for those who had sneered at the timorous, confused, negligible prairie politician—when there emerged in the White House a great and masterful leader. The Great Emancipator had at last freed himself from corroding doubt and fear. Lincoln had decided that he was right, and having reached that conclusion, in Spauld's words, "no man could be stronger."

Now was. He ruled the cabinet, the congress, the army and navy with an iron hand, gaining the hatred of all the rogues and the fools, and the unqualified devotion of all the decent men, like Seward. It is as thrilling a spectacle as history can afford of a sensitive, retiring, deeply humane man, with none of the driving egoism that seems essential to Caesars or Napoleons, facing a terrible emergency and, after an interim of fearful indecision, rising to it and conquering it.

On Lincoln's Birthday, we are again reading these words: "It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

These words have more profound meaning for us when we know that they came from a man who suffered hell on earth before he had gained for himself the strength and the authority to utter the great truths that shall never die.

Gorgeous Hair... Lovely Hands

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a woman conquers!



Don't Let Dull, Drab Hair, or Work-Roughed Hands Deprive You of Romance!

To See How Drene Shampoo Glorifies Hair... How Danya Helps Keep Hands Soft, Smooth, Appealing—ACCEPT THIS DOUBLE-BEAUTY BARGAIN AT ONCE!

Now safely to get more thousands of women acquainted with the beautiful results of Drene Shampoo on hair and Pond's Danya Hand Cream Lotion on hands—we offer this sensational saving. Simply go to your dealer at once—and get both Drene and Danya at the remarkable combination bargain price of only 53¢! You actually save as much as 32¢.

New Glory for Dull, Dry-Looking Hair

If you have dull, dry-looking hair, expect a beauty revelation with your first Special Drene Shampoo. For this new discovery of Science removes beauty-clouding film left by many old-fashioned shampoos! Reveals, perhaps for the first time, all the glamorous, natural brilliance and beauty of your hair. Leaves



Illustrates Old way... hair dull, covered with cloudy film.

Illustrates New way... no dull film left, soft, shining.

it silken soft, manageable for flattering new hair styles! (Above pictures illustrative.)

Not a soap, not an oil—Drene does not leave a beauty-clouding film on hair. Leaves your hair so radiantly clean, that lather, vinegar, or other after-rinses are unnecessary. Cleans away grease, dirt, even loose dandruff flakes—with a single washing! You'll revel in your hair's natural beauty. Drene is approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. So revolutionary in results, it is America's largest-selling Shampoo Note—there are two kinds of Drene. Get Special Drene For Dry Hair if your hair is dull or dry-looking. Otherwise, get Regular Drene.

Pond's Danya Smooths Work-Roughed Hands
Every day more and more women are learning about Danya—a new-type preparation for the hands created by Pond's, makers of the world-famous Pond's Creams. Danya supplies ingredients to improve hand skin, and it contains Vitamin A. Danya is heavier, creamier—not messy or greasy. Not a bit sticky. It helps keep your hands soft, lovely!

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Don't miss this rare chance to get both Drene and Pond's Danya at this sensational "Get-Acquainted" saving. You can actually save as much as 32¢—only while desired limited supplies last. So go to your dealer's at once—get the combination Drene-Danya beauty package... a regular 85¢ value... You get the both for only 53¢! This offer good in United States only. Act today!

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Both For Only **53¢**

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Now—omelets insured AGAINST FLOPPING!



OMELET SANS SOUCI

- | | |
|------------------------------|---|
| 2 tablespoons Minute Tapioca | 1 tablespoon butter |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 4 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored |
| ¼ teaspoon pepper | 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten |
| ¼ cup milk | |

Combine Minute Tapioca, salt, pepper, and milk in top of double boiler. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 8 to 10 minutes after water boils again, stirring frequently. Add butter. Cool slightly while beating eggs. Add egg yolks and mix well. Fold into egg whites. Turn into hot, buttered 10-inch frying pan. Cook over low flame 3 minutes. Then bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 15 minutes. Omelet is sufficiently cooked when a knife inserted comes out clean. Cut across at right angles to handle of pan, being careful not to cut all the way through. Fold carefully from handle to opposite side and serve on hot platter. Serves 6. All measurements are level.

Even a beginner can serve perfect omelets, every time, if she knows this secret. The genuine Minute Tapioca. It strengthens the delicate air-cell walls—keeps every freshly bubble standing.

Try a Cherry Tapioca soon—it's delicious! See easy, new Fruit Tapioca recipe on the back of every Minute Tapioca package.

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Please send me—FREE—a 2-cup sample of Nestlé's.

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Add hot water, stir—and this new drink is ready to enjoy

THE GENTLEMAN CAN COOK

by Grace Turner

DONALD DESKEY, one of the most outstanding among the modern industrial designers, admits that he is not only a lover of good food but somewhat of an amateur expert on the subject. "Not," he says, "a noted authority like some of my friends. I wouldn't dispute with a man like Crosby Gaige, for example. But I do pay a great deal of attention to food and I am something of an amateur cook."

When he has discovered a new dish that particularly intrigues his tongue, Donald goes home and tries to achieve the same effect. "I have the ability to analyze tastes or flavors," he explains. "You develop that, if you are inquisitive about food, and travel around a good deal."

Donald's interest in cooking dates from boyhood and his first camping trips in northern Minnesota. Then when high school days were over, he went West and worked around civil and highway engineering camps, doing a lot of cooking for hungry men, and, later, in San Francisco, ingraining himself with the cooks in restaurant kitchens. Then came his art student days in Paris, where he got himself a wife, and took on the duties of husband and cooking in earnest—for his young wife was studying piano and had a more inflexible schedule than he.

Then he learned to make that onion soup that is infinitely palatable and almost a meal in itself. It is a specialty which he still likes to make from time to time. You first roast your sliced onions of the light white variety, he says, in generous proportion to the amount of liquid you mean to use. When the onions are lightly browned, add milk, thicken the mixture slightly, and season it with pepper, bay leaf and fine herbs. Put the soup in a casserole dish. Now take thick slices of bread, preferably of the French bread variety, cover the liquid with it as with a crust, sprinkle the bread with grated cheese, put the casserole in the oven until the cheese browns. And then serve one of

the world's most appetizing dishes. From France likewise, Donald learned the art of making a chicken (or goose) and bean casserole. If you have never experienced with this particular way of putting good things together to make something even bet-



Donald Deskey

ter, here in the following recipe you will find a chef's masterpiece.

Chicken Casserole

- ½ pound lamb stew meat
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 clove garlic
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Boiling water
- 2 cups canned chicken
- 2 cups canned string beans
- ½ pound sausage, cooked
- Cornish lamb, bay leaf, garlic and salt. Add enough water to cover. Simmer until meat is tender. Remove garlic and bay leaf. In a casserole ar-

range alternate layers of chicken, string beans, sausage and lamb mixture. Cover and place in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 1 hour. Serve at once. Yield: 6 portions.

A renal kidney flannel is also a French dish, which Donald Deskey rightly recommends and which adapts itself perfectly to our American inclinations. For this you need two tablespoons of butter, two of minced parsley, half a teaspoon each of basil or thyme and of minced onion, one raw kidney cooked and sliced, a splash of Sherry and a pinch of a half of white sauce.

When the ingredients are assembled at your hand, melt the butter in a skillet and add to it the herbs and onion. Brown the mixture lightly and then stir in the kidney. Now add the Sherry and let the mixture simmer for about one minute. Then pour the white sauce gently into the kidney mixture; season it all with salt and pepper to taste. And serve at once. You will have enough for six persons. "I'm rather particular about a salad," Donald says. "The best one, to my mind, is made of romaine, endive, watercress, and old-fashioned lettuce. Wash these greens, drain them well, and put them on ice for several hours. For the dressing use mustard, salt and black pepper (freshly ground is best), vinegar with a clove of garlic has stood for a little while, and olive oil. When you put the chilled greens in the bowl for serving, sprinkle over the top of finely chopped chives and then pour on a lavish amount of the dressing."

French and Pancy Desserts

From Mr. Deskey we get several unusual, delicious and practical dessert recipes. We also offered some super-line ones of our own. To get the leaflet, and a three-cent stamp (to cover the cost of mailing), with a note to *Green Tardis*, 1000 apartment, This Week Magazine, in care of this newspaper.

THE ELUSIVE PRINCESS

Continued from page six

pay over and I shall sign the other conditions on behalf of my government."

The King rose and bowed. He was abrupt in speech but gracious in manner.

"You have spoken like an honest man," he said. "We wish to grant you the concession. We communicated with our envoy in Washington and he advised us to approach you. We were being pressed hard in another direction, but my sister at once undertook the task of searching you out. We are glad that she succeeded. We shall be glad to receive the money. Money is what my country needs to pay herself in a position to defend herself. We shall welcome your return, General."

Besley took a brief leave of his visitors. He stood out on the deck. His steward appeared presently with a single glass and a cocktail shaker. Besley grinned as he watched the pouring out of the yellow liquid, and tasted it with approval. In many respects it had been a trying morning.

Luncheon, the signing of agreements—everything went smoothly. The King took a fancy to his host. Evening came and the motorboat waited. The houses of farewell, very ceremonious, commenced.

In the end the Princess Rita drew Besley on one side. "Is this," she asked tentatively, "to be the end of our friendship?"

"The end of our friendship, I trust, will never arrive," he answered. "I must go back to Cannes. I shall prob-

ably have to go over to the States on this affair, for there will be trouble to be faced even though we are on the safe side. You will see me here later. It will be a great happiness to me."

"No more than that? I, too, should like to go to America."

He shook his head. "You are too romantic. America would never impress you."

"You do not imagine," she asked sadly, "that I shall ever be content to live in this wild, barren country?"

"There will come a time when someone will take you away from it."

"Now listen to a really unimposed speech," she whispered, leaning a little towards him. "I wish very much that you were taking me away from it."

He kissed her fingers.

"My dear," he said, "wishes have sometimes a strange gift of fulfillment, and memory too is a thing worth having."

"But," the King called out. "Her eyes were full of tears when she threw back her head."

"The French fashion, then," she laughed.

He kissed her on both cheeks. She went away with her face uplifted, and in the boat, as they took their places, her gaiety seemed the heartiest and her gaze the most natural.

When the *Sea Sprite* swung round the point and disappeared she had no more words.

The End

Another adventure of General Besley, "The Mysterious Lodge," will appear in the next issue of THIS WEEK.

AND HOW'S YOUR NERVE?

NAPOLÉON often did spectacular things to give his soldiers courage—such as leaping onto a bridge in the midst of a rain of bullets or riding his horse straight at a hurrying bullet.

ONCE, just to prove to his doubting schoolmates that the story of *Musée Secret* was true, Nietzsche lit a batch of matches in his palm and, without flinching, let them burn there.

One night in Chicago when Edwin Booth was playing "Richard III," a

madman, Mark Gray, fired at the actor. He was about to fire again when Booth calmly stepped to the footlights and said something out, "Booth," when the bullet mounted in gold, with the inscription: "To Edwin Booth from Mark Gray."

Also hats off to the bravest man of them all! When Mohammed's young and favorite wife, asked him if he loved her better than he had loved his first wife, he answered, "No, by Allah!"

—KATHLEEN MATTERSON

BERTON BRADLEY'S delightfully amusing verses, printed a short while ago in *This Week*, and urging me to write a "book of Auto-queets," brought me an unending number of letters. The verses began:

*Oh Mrs. Post, you ought to let
Yourself the job of writing, yet,
A book of Auto-queets!*

*For out of all the best,
The Motorists need manners most,
So—won't you let 'em, Mrs. Post?*

The verses continue joyfully. But the truth is that they point to a not at all gay—unless one finds gaily in reckless driving, humor in rudeness, and fun in the agonies of the injured.

Nothing more clearly proclaims a thoroughbred than his stillful courtesy, which is quite literally a life insurance to all whom he encounters on the road. I have rationalized the word "skilful," since perfect motor manners are necessarily accoutrements only by one whose skill is outstanding. Behind the wheel, a great deal more than good intention is necessary.

There are thousands of good drivers and some really great drivers, as is evident from the fact that the millions of machines on the streets and roads do not cause a hundred times as many accidents as they do! And yet we all know they could be fewer.

They would be fewer if certain forms in the point of view of drivers might be realized and overcome.

There is a curious sense of motor-driving behavior that really belongs in the province of psychiatry rather than in that of etiquette: the change that takes place in Mr. Samuel Citizen when he gets behind the steering wheel of his car. At home, in the houses of his friends, in his office, and even walking down the street, Mr. Samuel Citizen is a kindly, well-mannered man. And these good qualities are his until his manners meet the test of the new car of which he is so proud!

The truth is that it takes a really great gentleman to be no more self-indulgent in the driver's seat of a newest super-deluxe car, than he would be when he was walking along the street in his oldest suit of clothes. In other words,

GOOD MANNERS MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE

by Emily Post

Author of "Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage," "The Personality of a House," Etc.



"Why those window-shoppers don't get killed is God's mercy!"

Drawn by de Zayas

even though he drives in crowded traffic or tries out his new car's power on the steepest hills, it is not in the nature of a thoroughbred to join the ranks of road pests.

Urrah Upstart, on the other hand, who has invited three or four or possibly six friends to go out in his new car, becomes a show-off. Time and again he pulls out of line and struts forward. If he is lucky, he may, with the aid of alert other drivers, manage to escape a head-on collision. If he is less lucky he may take several persons with him into eternity and leave others maimed for life.

There is a strangely sinister effect that ownership of an impressively high-class, high-powered car has upon this particular Sam Citizen. This makes him take an exalted view of his own skill as a driver. That anything so perfect as his new car could, in one second's impact, become a crumpled mass of metal does not enter his mind; and if he has been celebrating the holiday by imbibing overliberal

amounts of alcohol, the menace of his poor judgment becomes doubly acute.

There is of course nothing to be said in defense of a drunken driver. But it seems to me that not half enough emphasis is laid upon the exuberant driver, who takes chances that he would not think of taking were he in his cold other senses. That lives should be made more street safe, perhaps, less important than that the friends of the evidently stimulated driver refuse to go out with him.

It is very hard to understand the incompleteness of the driving examinations which seemingly satisfy the officials in many communities. After all, the states and the federal government together have spent millions in an unqualified effort to build beautiful roads and to safeguard our lives. But it seems to me that they have overlooked the one important item as the prevention of accidents. In many places, the examination for a driver's license is too easy. In many cases it can be passed by a complete

noob. And the most important test of all—that of quickness of reaction—is in many instances not even considered, and there is no courtesy test.

It seems to me that a more painstaking examination in courtesy would do much to lessen the danger of motor accidents. Don't push—don't shove—don't take more than your share—don't dart ahead—don't try to squeeze in where there is no place for you—don't honk your horn and make a nuisance of all around you. From your position in the middle of a traffic jam, the blowing power of Angel Gabriel would not help you.

On the other hand, to wait for a minute or more in front of a "go ahead" signal while you make up your mind where you want to go, completely indifferent to the fact that some one behind you may be in a hurry; to dash around corners narrowly escaping pedestrians, but quite possibly dipping the fenders of other cars; to let the beams from your headlights point too high; to make false

signals or to make none so that the cars coming up behind you are in doubt; to bring the center of the road; these are all bad manners.

It is very popular to criticize women drivers and so I might as well say that among the worst of these I should get the window-shopper! She it is who crawls along a crowded thoroughfare—Fifth Avenue, New York, for example—with her face fastened upon the store windows. In a taxi two hours ago, I followed close behind one of these for about twenty blocks. My taxi driver pointed her out. Said he: "These window-shoppers are the worst we come up against! Why they don't get killed is God's mercy; they could never be saved every time by me. When I see a woman driving her car with her head turned north, why I just give her the widest berth I can."

I have written much about the beauty of traffic-consciousness. But there is all the difference in the world between being unconcerned about yourself and being unconcerned about your responsibility to others. In short, to imagine that your own car has any special privileges—even though its cost be fantastically high and its license plate number is fantastically low—to believe that any special privilege can possibly permit you to forget the rights and feelings of others, is not only to prove yourself a thoroughly bad driver, but to proclaim that at the wheel of this car sits one who hasn't the first inkling of the manners of the thoroughbred.

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Is It Proper?

For a young woman to let a boy drive her on a trip? To ignore a person left sitting in a car while an acquaintance makes you a brief visit? To drop in on friends at meal times when you are musing? For a man to enter a car first? These are some of the questions Mrs. Post answers. To get the leaflet, send a three-cent stamp (to cover the cost of mailing) with a check or money order to Mrs. Post, Service Department, *This Week Magazine*, in care of this newspaper.

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GHOST DOG

Continued from page nine

forcing a laugh. "But you won't!" Rusty expected loud in his back right then. But the breed was more obsessed with this dirt talk about a resurrected dog, a dog which like a rattler was hanging onto life till sundown, doing what he had always done, acting by reflexes, plunging along blindly, running in the old sheep-pen, entering warm, wind-worn grooves. The renegade wanted to make it understood that he was not afraid of any such gaudy idea as that!

"I'll cut down on him right next time. When he comes up to me, I'll get him in the heart—instead of in the back."

Rusty heard him panting after his speech. For a long time the Chulo gaped at the close air, the whiffs of moisture and iodine and tar. "You're loosed, I'm loosed listening to you!" He was talking to himself now and Rusty glanced back to see him glaring wildly through the window. "I killed that dog. Not that one, but another," he mumbled uncertainly. "Maybe I wounded him."

"Sure. Like one of these make dogs a Hopi told me about. You can't kill 'em. They don't kill. Wolves get after 'em and eat 'em to pieces but a sheep dog keeps fighting. Long after he's dead—"

"Sneak up! You're making me crazy! Keep going, faster! Faster!"

Rusty whipped his old team to a hammering trot. He did it even though they were coming down hill. But it did not make much difference. For the woolies could catch up anyway, and for a very good reason. The road followed a switchback down the steep grade, winding for a mile around a gully one way, back a mile the other.

And meanwhile old Homer was showing the sheep straight down the hill through the gully bottoms. Rusty saw the dust rolling and heard the hissing and the soft patterning rumble of a legion of hoofs.

The Chulo had dashed up to the front of the wagon again with his sad-

dle. "Pull up!" he barked hysterically. Rusty obeyed. He knew that the killer was going to unhitch and saddle a wagon horse. And he was going to cover his tracks; Rusty could see that by the blood in his eyes.

Rusty did not want to think it over. He had a few seconds to live and that was not time enough for thinking. The instant the wagon rocked to a stop, he leaped for the rope, did the full length of his heavy body behind a red rock.

The Chulo jumped to the wagon tongue and then to the ground. Dust and din whirled about his hanging figure. Sheep were everywhere, converging on the wagon from all sides, for old Homer did his job well. He had dug them up in the wagon as the old remembered call commanded him.

If he had had his sight he would have stopped, but he was like a blind man hurtling molten blows in the dark. The fact is, he had his job too well!

The Chulo tried to unharness one of the plugs while wethers and ewes and gaunters pressed up against him on all sides. He choked with dirt, groping for the traces. He yelled and kicked and frayed his arms in a tangle of harness. Then he saw the dog.

Homer was a good way off on the outskirts of the band, but the Chulo could see him plunging in a circle through the sage. For one brief moment the renegade stared fascinated. In the heavy mist the dog seemed much larger and scarier than he really was. And he was acting not like a natural dog but as Rusty had said, like something possessed. He went stiffly, crashing through a ball of tangleweed instead of circling it. The movements were directed, it would seem, not by his own volition but by some unnatural force. Sheep fled him as if fleeing a wolf. They could not understand a shepherd like this. Even they, perhaps, knew that this dog did not work according to natural ways.

Vaguely Homer seemed to be heading for the wagon, trying to get there despite the compact mass of woolies

in his way. The Chulo saw him coming for him, but he did not count straight. He miscalculated the angle somehow, as a drunk man will reach for a glass and miss it. But he was coming. And the Chulo fumbled for his gun and lifted it and emptied it into the mist.

But the dog was down low behind the stampeding sheep now. Sheep fell with the frantic blast of fire, but the dog came on unscathed.

He came because he heard his master, Rusty, calling to him. Rusty had leaped up from behind his rock as soon as the breed's gun was emptied. And before the nerve-shattered man could reload, Rusty jumped him.

Three riders loomed out of the mist. Martha Shawn had found her father, but they had not found Jeff Pine. Old Tuck Shawn called out as they rowled their horses through the scattering sheep. "Hi, Rusty!"

Rusty Turvaster looked out of the door. "Sleep up, Tuck. If you're gunning for Jeff Pine you're too late. This breed here had the edge on you and won all bets."

Tuck Shawn stopped on the wagon tongue and looked in. He saw the saddle-colored half-breed stretched on the floor boards, bound with the twitches Rusty used as tourniquets.

"He booted Jeff Pine and his dog up on the bench. Must've heard something about that stud game of yours."

Tuck Shawn looked down at the prisoner without much animosity. "I gave him a job as wool trapper in my crew," he said. "He sat in on the game with me and Pine."

"Then what he's got in his jeans, Tuck, as near as I can figure belongs to you!" Rusty let Tuck figure below through the breed's pockets and turned to the door.

The sun poured over the cactus flowers and struck Martha's mouth. The ocotillo cactus was red in spring, yucca was wax-white. Both horns were smothered by Martha's hair, tired face. That anxious need to save her dad from a gunshot had made her look older—just about old enough to be married, Rusty was thinking.

The End

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